EPULÆ OXONIENSES.

Or a Jocular Relation of a

BANQVET

Presented to the Best of Kings, by the best of Prelates, in the Year 1636,
In the Mathematick Library at *St. John Baptists Colledge.*

The Song.

I.

IT was (my *Staff* upon't) in Thirty Six,
Before the Notes were wrote on Great *Don Quix*
That this huge Feast was made by that *High Priest*,
Who did Caress the Royalist of Guests.
Oves and *Boves*, yes and *Aves* too
Pisces, and what the whole Creation knew.

II.

For every Creature there was Richly dresst,
As numerous as was great *Nevils* Feast,
Here we crave leave only to make you smile
(For in the Terme we must be grave a while)
At the Exhibit of a Banquet brought
Where all our Gown-men, were in Marchpane wrought.

III.

The Ladies waterd ('bout the Mouth) to see
And taste so sweet an Universitie.
In mighty Chargers of most Formal Past
A Convocation on the Board was plac't:
In *Capp* aud *Hood* and *Narrow-sleeved* Gown
Just as you see them now about the Town:

IV.

With this Conceited Difference alone,
The Scholars now do Walk but then did Run
There might you see in Honour of his place
Mr. *Vice-Chancellor* with every Mace.
The greater Staffs in Thumping *Marchpane* made
In smaller, the small Stick of the small Blade.

V.

And after these, as if my Brethrens Call
Had fetch't them up, (*Sol*, *Hal*, & stout *Wil: Ball*)
In humble postures of a Bowing Leg,
Appear'd the Doctors, Masters, *Reg. non Reg.*
Then in a Mass a sort of Various Capps,
(But could not Hum, for sealed were their Chaps)

VI.

Crouded the Senate, as if they'd mind to heare
Some speech, or fall up on Themselves the Cheare,
It put their Majesties unto the Laugh,
To see the *Bedels* resigne up every Staff,
And were eat up, not as it us'd to be
Returned by his Gracious Majestie.

VII.

I think that *Jeffry* waiting on the Queen.
Devoured at one Champ the Verger clean.
But then (O rude!) as at a Proctors Choice
In run the Masters, just like little Boyes.
So did the Ladies, and their Servants fall,
Upon the Marchpane-shew, Doctors and all.

VIII.

The Noble Men like to Clarissimos,
Grandees of Venice, did adorne these shews
In Velvet round Caps some, and some in Square,
(A spectacle most excellent and rare)
But their good Ladyst ips most curteously
Simperd, and eat the Soft Nobilitie.

IX.

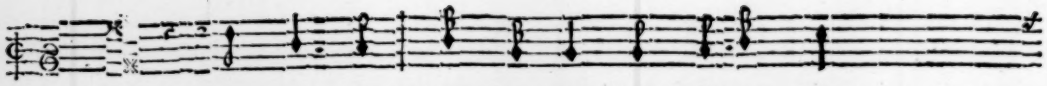
Never was *Oxford* in such woful Case,
Unless when *Pembroke* did expound the place:
Here lay a Doctors Scarlet, there a Hood
Trod under foot, which others snatch'd for Food
Capp, Gowns, and all Formalities were Rent,
As if the shew had been ith' Schools at Lent.

CHORUS.

If in the Trojan Horse inclosed were
Men of the Helmet, Target, Sword and Speare,
If by Ingenious Pencil ere was cut
The Learned Homers Illiads *in a Nut,*
Why in a Biskor Marchpane Oleo
Might not a Convocation be a shew.
Where for to please the Beauteous Ladies Bellies,
Masters were set in Past, Scholers in Jellies.

Ed. Gayton.

[sic 1660 not before]



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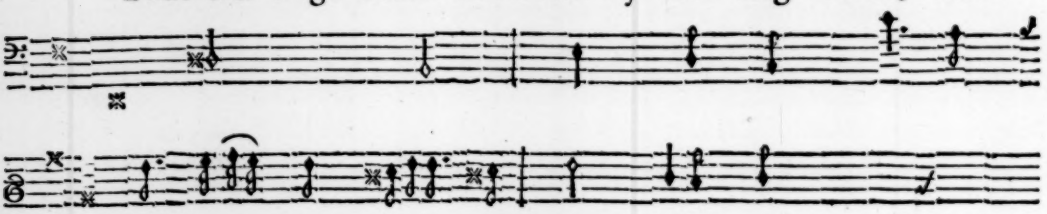
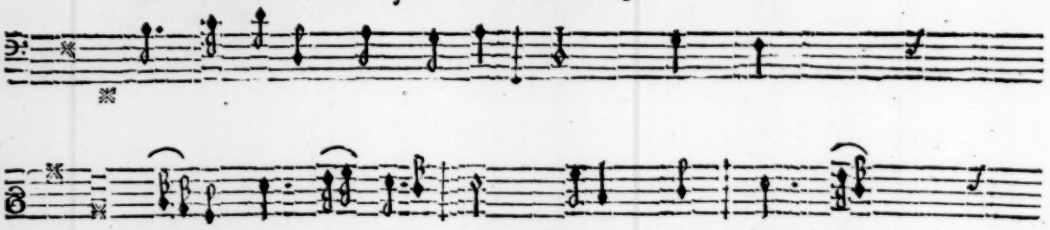
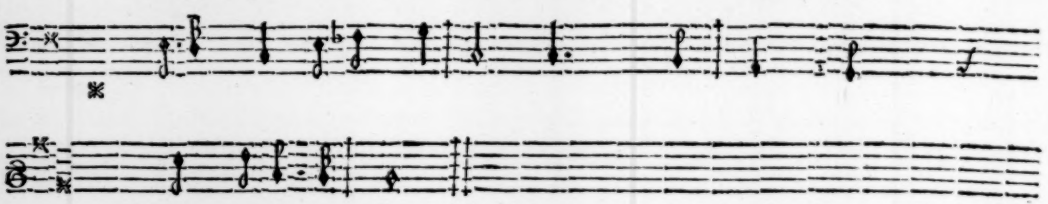


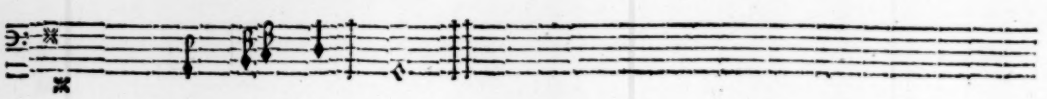
did careſs the Royaliſt of Gueſts, *Oves* and



Boves, yes and *Aves* too, *Piſces*, and what the

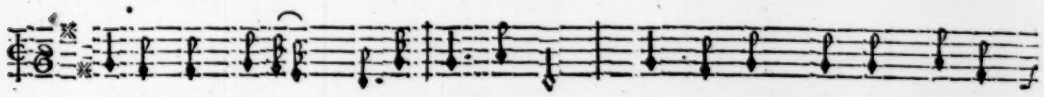


whole Creation knew.



3. Voc. The Chorus at laſt.

If in the *Trojan Horſe* incloſed were, Men of the Helmet, Target,
If by In--genious Pencil ere was cut, The Learned *Homers* Illiads



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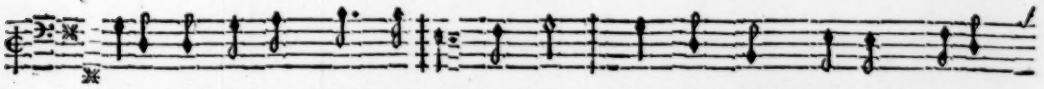

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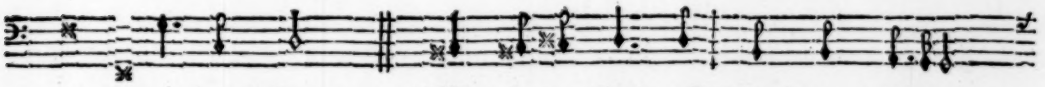

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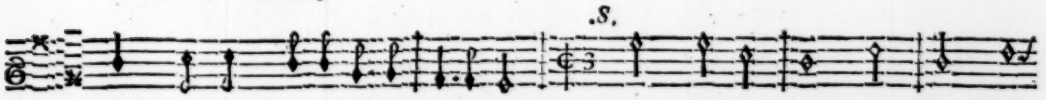

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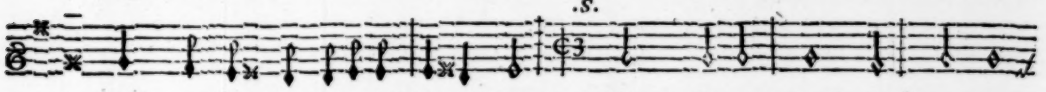

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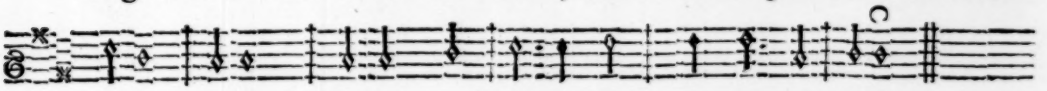
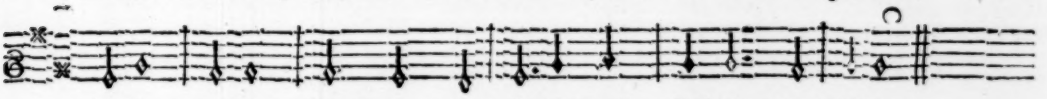


Ladies Bellies, Maſters were ſet in Paſt, Scholars in Jellies.



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